# A LETTER

Sent from a Gentleman in

# OXFORD,

To His Friend in

# LONDON;

Concerning the Iuſtice of the KING'S Cauſe, and the unequall proceedings of thoſe againſt Him, who are now found to be the Enemies of our PEACE and HAPPINESSE.

OR A SHORT

# CHARACTER

Of the actions of our New State-Reformers; in which *the ſeduced people* may ſee to whom to impute the beginning of theſe miſerable diſtractions, and the continuance thereof.

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Printed in the Yeare, 1646.

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Printed in the Yeare, 1646.

SIR,

I Have received your Letter, and with as much *care* as you desired, I have perused it; and for your *advice* I returne my thanks to your *error*, not your *love:* believing from that *Spring* all your lines have been derived, and that like People infected with the *Plague*, your desires have still been to corrupt others; mistake me not neither: I blame not your *Endeavours*, in gaining all you can to your Party, since it is *multitude*, not the *justice* of your cause that must nurse up that *Birth*, your *Deceit* hath begot upon the *Feares* and *Jealousies* of the *People*, and that those *Rents* (the *pillars* of your new *Modell*) might the better be fashioned, into what formes were most convenient for your designes, it was extreamly necessary, you should take from them all the *rules* and *squares* both of *Civil* and *Ecclesiasticall Government*; and that you have most fully and amply done, by a new way of pulling downe the old *Religion*, and setting up of *many*, nay, *any* that might serve either your *ambition* or your *gaine:* and like *Jeroboam* in your new Government, when it could not be safe for you to *erect another*, you *adulterate* the *old*; Certainly, if you seriously reflect, if you review this act of *corrupting Religion*, with a recollected judgement, you cannot but find, that you have cleane mistaken the way you *pretend*, though not that which you *intend*; for whoever yet would so much Cashiere his *reason* in things of the smallest moment, as to leave a certain positive good, for an uncertaine accidentall one? take heed; the same mistake cost the seduced *Prophet* his life: and if you take the *Maxime* of the *Law* for *Umpire*, that the same *cases* are to be judged by the same *reasons*, you have cause to feare, it may in time prove your owne.

But admit this *Forme*, this new *Directory* for the *Church* were

as pure as you would have the People beleeve it, or your ſelves deſire it, and that ours were as great an abomination, as the *forſaken Tribes Idolatry* was to *Iſrael*; yet give me leave to tell you, and from Scripture, (from whence you ſay you borrow all your directions) that from thence you are ſo farre from drawing any argument, that can give you authority to *plant* your Religion by the *Sword*, that you can hardly find any will allow the *defence* of it by Armes: Surely, when I conſider theſe things, you muſt give me leave to beleeve, you are much a *Kinne* to thoſe that followed our *Saviour* for the *loaves*, and the relieving their neceſſities, rather then the *love* of his *Goſpell*, and like *Demetrius's Crue*, ſerve the *Goddeſſe* of your owne ſetting up, becauſe it brings much gaine, much wealth to your Cofers.

And now that in ſilence I paſſe over the *Extirpation* of *Biſhops*, both *root* and *branch*, wonder not at all; it is but Conſonant, that to *Silver Deities*, there be *Leaden Prieſts*; and therefore, you did well to forbid the ſtanding by of ſuch *Gameſters*, as would quickly ſee more then the *Players*: And becauſe the *fall* of the *Church* is commonly a *Preface* to the *ruines* of the *State*, take this *ſmall gloſſe* upon the *defections*, you have cauſed in that too; and in this I meet firſt with the *Power*, by which you have erected all this *Pile* of *deſolation*; and here I find *Jacob* in his Elder *Brothers Clothes*, for from the *King* firſt that power iſſued, and by his *Writs* you were call'd, and now *ſurreptitiouſly* like *Promethens* you have ſtolne *Fire* from Heaven to animate the fond Conceptions of your owne depraved wills, and as if in this act you meant to give earneſt for all the evills you meant to practice you have eaten through the bowells of your owne Mother, devoured the Wombe that firſt diſcloſed you: Certainly, when the *King* firſt Aſſembled you thither, as He intended not to trench on your Priviledges, ſo He never meant, never beleeved ſo ill on you, that you had the leaſt thought of wreſting His Power from Him, (*wreſting*, ſo I fear me it) for I know of no act by which He either lent or gave it away to you; and therefore you muſt excuſe me, if with you I conſent not to beleeve your *Power legitimate*.

But admit His *Majeſty* for the good of the Kingdome entruſted His *Power* with you; truly I think it was farre from *Him* to imagine, you would have given it to the *Scot*, and make the *repreſentative*

*Body*

*Body* of the Kingdome, a *Committee*, to worke journey-worke for them, who if things ſucceed according to their expectation, will be ſo much your friends, as to allow you the ſame favour *Polyphemus* did *Ulyſſes*, and too late then you will begin to find with the *Country-man*, you warmed the *Snake*, that ſhall *biſſe* and *ſting* you, and your Generation from your ſo long enjoy'd Poſſeſſions; which will be ſome *allay* to my miſery, when I am undone by you to ſee you periſh by your ſelves and them, *Nec lex eſt juſtior ulla, &c.*

But why extends not this *Communion* of Power to the *Iriſh*, as well as *Scot*; who, if we confide in Proverbs, are as *faithfull* as they? truly I'le anſwer for them, they were *Starre-Croſt*, and miſtaking the *Sceane*, entred in the *Prologue*. For had they ſtay'd but two *minutes* longer, they might have *Rebelled* by *Preſident* and confirmed it by *Authority*; but I paſſe over this with the obſervation of the *Poets*, *In quo quis peccat in eo punitur*: you have ſtolne the *Kings Power* from Him, and fooled both your owne and *His* to the *Scot*; which every *Engliſh* man will find a greater breach of the *Priviledges* of the *Parliament* of *England*, in joyning your ſelves to them, and refuſing to receive any thing from the *King*, in which they are not made your Partners, then that which you alleadge in the *King* for a breach in naming the *Common-Councell* with you for a *Security* for His *Perſon*.

But my hopes at laſt are, that if this Power have any thing of the *Ingredients* of *Pythagoras's* ſoule in it, it will *tranſmigrate* into the firſt owner; And ſo leaving the *right of Power*, I come to ſurvey the *uſe* of it; and here at the firſt ſight I perceive the *Gyants Club* too big for your *hands*; you can weild it to nothing but *deſtruction*.

For I remember at *His* departure from *London*, He left a *City* more thronged with *Wealth*, then *People*, a *Kingdome* more flouriſhing with *good Lawes* then any, but at *His* returne, I believe *He* would be glad to find *His talent* wrapt up in a *napkin*: for in ſtead of finding His *Wealth* increaſed, it is diminiſhed, His *People* ſlaine, and the *Sword* of *juſtice* worn in a *private ſheath*, The *Lawes* which like *Land-markes*, kept the *Marriner*, from a deſtroying *Rocke*, abrogated, *in* a word you have diſanul'd them all, and by the narroweſt ſearch I can make, I cannot find any that you have either made or kept, and in *lieu* of theſe, you preſent us with an *Ordinance*, a thing that like *Jonas Gourd*, is the off ſpring of a *night*, & favours ſo much

of an *Arbitrary Power*, that if it be not a *prerogative* beyond any the *King* ever had, I know not what is; for I am sure the *Kings Power* before these times, without a due conviction of Law, could take no mans Estate from him, and by the *right* of *Inheritance*, wee had the same *title* to our *Lands*, that *He* had to *His* Crowne; but now you have not only taken ours, but *His* too; you have *disinherited* us, *disinthroned* Him. Yet in this Convulsion of the State, in this confused shuffling of all together, our *Liberties* have scap'd at the easyest rates; yet in them our *plenty* hath made us *poore*; and in being made more *free* we are made more *Slaves*: for what is not lawfull now, either to be done or said? Witnesse, your owne actions, and the Licence of so many *Scandalous Seditious Pamphlets*, that dayly infect the ayre, and like the *plagues of Ægypt* are *familiar* even with the *Kings Chambers*; Nay, that you might be sure to make your *little finger heavier then the Kings Loynes*, you have laid more Taxes on the people in your five yeares usurpation, then he had done in 17. you have consumed in this Warre more monyes, which you have forced from the Subject, then have been (if my intelligence faile not) disbursed almost by all the *Kings of England* since the *Conquest*, and for the exaction of the *twentieth*, and the *fifth part* of every mans Estate, I beleive you'l tire *History* to finde the *parallell*, in the Raigns of the most cruell Tyrants; and as if it were too *light a Conquest* to overthrow our *Bodies*, our *Estates*, you endanger our *Soules*, and under the names of *Covenants*, you impose such *Oathes*, as the *King* could (I am sure did) never think on, and whatsoever you *falsly* have imputed to the *King*, to make *Him* appeare odious to *His* people, you have your selves really acted, and with a higher hand, then ever the *Extasis* of *His* wishes could transport Him to imagine; and because your *Vices* have been successefull, you beleeve them *Vertues*; and that you may still deceive your selves, as well as others, you turne the great end of the *perspective* upon all your actions, and perpetually tell the world in all your *Messages*, of your desires of *Peace*.

Truly when I see those, I need not wish *Democritus* from his ashes, every man that reads them is transformed into them; indeed I cannot veiw them without a smile, especially when (before there was a Pistoll charged for this Warre) I look upon all His Majesties Gracious Messages (I may rather call them *Intreaties* for *Peace*)

sent

ſent from *Nottingham*, from *Yorke*, theſe when it was beginning, from *Oxford* and other places; thoſe often and preſent ſuings for *Peace* ſtill denyed; you muſt pardon me, if I refuſe to be of your opinion, and thinke you deſcended from thoſe that *Cry, Peace, Peace*, when their preparations are warlike.

Concerning your laſt Letters, His Majeſtie hath made ſo full an Anſwer, that I ſhall ſay nothing, but certainly if you had not thought *your ſelves* guilty of all the *Blood* that hath been ſhed in theſe Diſtractions, and had not feared, that the *unſeduced people* would have been of your opinion, you had not deſired the King to take from Him, and have raiſed a *Spirit*, which perhaps will not ſo eaſily be *allayed*.

But of all the *Riddles* which your *Sophiſtry* hath obtruded to us, the pleaſanteſt is to think you ſhould fight all this while, for that which when you have, you dare not accept; for your *pretences* in the raiſing of your *Armyes* have been, to fetch the King from His *Evill Councellours*, and yet when He offers to come, you refuſe Him. Pray, though you force us from the *goods* of our *Bodies*, yet deprive us not of the *Faculties* of our *Soules*, though you take our *Lands*, leave us our *underſtandings*, though you make us *Slaves*, pray make us not *Fooles*.

In a word to ſumme up all, if this be *your Religion*, 'tis like the poore *Indians* that worſhip the *Divell*, becauſe he ſhould not hurt them, if this be *your Obedience* and *Obeyſance* to *your King*, I can parallell it to none but *Judas* his, if this be *your fighting* to preſerve Him, 'tis like the man that kill'd himſelfe out of a feare to *dye*, if this be *your vigilant wiſdome* to make Him a glorious Prince, 'tis alike to *Solomons*, in nothing but being *Apocripha*, if this be *your mending* the *Sich-fallen Lawes*, 'tis like thoſe that repair'd *Theſeus*' ſhip ſo long, 'till the firſt Fabrick was deſtroy'd; if this be the *inlarging* our *Liberties*, 'tis like the man that to increaſe his Fiſh-pond, let the Sea into it: if theſe be *your deſires for Peace*, 'tis like him that pray'd to *Jupiter* for that he would not have, if this be *your Care* for the *Common-wealth*, it's like *Neros*, that wiſhed *Rome* but *one head*, the eaſier to deſtroy it; if theſe be *your affections to your bleeding Country*, you are like the *hunted Ape*, that expoſeth the beloved *Whelpe* to relieve that death was due to her.

To conclude, for I meant not to ſend you either a *Diſputation*,

or

or a *Volume* mistaken for a *Letter*; my *beleefe* is, The *Sinnes* of the *Nation* have deserved a *Judgement*, and *your Rebellion* hath payd it; but my *hopes* are, when Gods Iudgements are past, he will burne the Rods; In the meane time I can compare our Condition with none so fitly as *Æsops frogs*; we must cry and petition for a *Parliament*, and *Jupiter* hath sent us one, as devouring as their *Stork*.

When I consider all these things together, the Charitablest opinion I can have of you, is to thinke that *opportunity* hath made you worse then you intended, and that partly like young *Philosophers* in approving *one error*, you have been led into a *thousand*; and now you must justifie and support one ill act by another; if this be the *Cure*, which at first you promised this *Distemper'd State*, 'tis worse then the *Malady*; and for my part I shall desire my *Disease* againe; I am sure there is lesse paine, lesse trouble in it; and for your admonition, I shall referre you to a Heathen.

*Dominare tumidu, ſpiritu altos gere;*
*Sequitur Superbos ultor à tergo Deus.*

Goe on proud men, till you have made the Kingdome a deluge of Bloud; *rule* till you have undone both your selves, and us; *but* remember the *God* that hath *Leaden Feet*, hath *Iron Hands*; and commonly *he* supplyes the *slowneſſe* of the one with the *severity* of the other, and alwayes followes those *he* goes not with, pursues those with *his* judgements, he doth not lead with *his* mercies.

FAREWELL.